No Formalities Regarding Love
Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/75033456.

Rating:
Teen And Up Audiences

Archive Warning:
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Categories:
F/F, F/M

Fandoms:
ウマ娘 プリティーダービー | Uma Musume: Pretty Derby (Video Game), ウマ娘 プリティーダービー | Uma Musume: Pretty Derby (Anime), ウマ娘 | Uma Musume - All Media Types

Relationships:
Fenomeno/Reader (Uma Musume), Fenomeno/Trainer (Uma Musume)

Characters:
Fenomeno (Uma Musume), Reader, Trainer (Uma Musume)

Additional Tags:
Heartbreak, Angst, Hurt, Sad, Rejection, Love Confessions, Crying, Begging, Size Difference, Horse Sized Horse Girl, He/Him Pronouns For Fenomeno, Unrequited Love, Sad Ending, Hurt No Comfort

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2025-11-30 Words: 2,066 Chapters: 1/1

No Formalities Regarding Love

by Bordementions

Summary

Your trainee pours his heart out to you, unfortunately you don't feel the same

Notes

Yeah I'm evil and fucked up heh this is just a mere glimpse into to terrifyingly bleak worldview heh

You wouldn't get it

Transforms into the alpha

AWOOOOOOOOOOO

Anyways yeah I like torturing my favorite characters enjoy LMAOOO

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The stopwatch clicked, a sharp sound that seemed to cut through the heavy afternoon air.

Time!" you called out, your voice echoing slightly across the empty expanse of the Tracen turf.

Down the straight, a blur of navy blue began to decelerate, the thunderous rhythm of footsteps slowing to a heavy trot. Fenomeno circled back, his chest heaving like a bellows. Even from a distance, the sheer size of him was imposing.

He jogged over to where you stood by the railing, his boots crunching heavily on the dirt path. Steam was practically radiating off his frame, sweat clinging to the sharp angles of his face and matting the violet-black bangs of his hair to his forehead. He adjusted his cap, the yellow stripes on the visor catching the dying sunlight, and straightened up into that rigid, military-perfect posture he always defaulted to, even when exhausted.

"Reporting in, Boss!" he panted, though he tried to keep his voice steady. His tail gave a powerful swish behind him, betraying his adrenaline. "Did I... did I clear the target parameters?"

You held up the stopwatch, turning the display toward him.

Meno squinted, those intense, slanted violet eyes narrowing. For a second, he looked terrifying—like he was about to issue a citation for speeding—but then the numbers registered. His expression shattered into pure, beaming relief.

"New personal best," you said, grinning up at him. "You shaved off another point-five seconds on the final curl. That’s incredible work, Meno."

"Affirmative!" Meno’s voice boomed, startling a few pigeons from the grandstand roof. He caught himself, clearing his throat and lowering his volume, though the tips of his pointed ears were twitching with delight. "I mean... acknowledged, Boss. This result is... it is entirely due to your oversight. My physical conditioning is a testament to your strategy."

"Give yourself some credit," you laughed, tossing him a water bottle. "You're the one running."

He caught the bottle with a snap of his wrist, staring at it for a

moment as if it were priceless. "Right. Yes. Good work today... us."

Usually, this was the part where he would meticulously cool down, deliver a formal closing statement, and then perhaps aggressively suggest a balanced meal at the cafeteria. But today, he didn't move. He stood there, the water bottle unopened in his hand, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. That heavy tail of his was thumping restlessly against the back of his calves. Thump. Thump. Thump.

You marked the times down on your clipboard, waiting for him to head to the showers. When he didn't, you looked up. "Meno? Everything alright? You look like you're about to write me up for something."

He flinched, his sharp eyes widening. "No! Negative! No violations detected!" He took a sudden, rigid step forward, closing the distance between you. The shadow he cast completely engulfed you. "I... I have a report to make. A personal inquiry. Regarding... regarding our operations moving forward."

"Operations?" You lowered the clipboard, sensing the shift in the air. The exhilaration of the track was fading, replaced by a thick, suffocating tension. "What's on your mind?"

Meno looked down at you. Usually, his gaze was piercing, filled with that terrifying intensity. But now, that intensity was trembling. He looked like he was vibrating out of his skin.

"Boss," he started, his voice dropping an octave, losing its command bark and becoming something softer, smaller. "I have been... assessing our partnership lately, a lot."

Before you could ask what he was talking about, he moved. It was abrupt, driven by a surge of desperate courage. He reached out, his large, gloved hands engulfing yours. The leather of his gloves was warm and damp from the heat of his body. He squeezed your hands, not enough to hurt, but with a firmness that suggested he was terrified to let go.

"Meno?"

"Please, listen to me," he said, his breath hitching. He wasn't looking at you as a trainer anymore. He was looking at you with a naked, terrifying adoration that made your stomach drop. "Since you scouted me... since the day you looked at me and didn't turn away in fear... my world has re-aligned. You are… everything to me. You are the

standard by which I measure my worth."

He stepped closer, forcing you to crane your neck back to look him in the eye.

"It is not just respect, Boss," he rushed on, the words tumbling out, abandoning his usual rigid cadence. "I admire everything you do. The way you smile when I succeed. The way you reprimand me when I push too hard. It... it fills me with a sense of purpose I have never known, even for the Disciplinary Committee. I want to serve you. I want to stand by you, not just as a trainee, but... as your partner. In all things."

His face was flushed a dark red, his violet eyes shimmering with a mixture of hope and sheer, unadulterated panic. He looked so happy, so determined, like he had just solved the hardest case of his life and was presenting you with the evidence.

"I love you, Boss," he whispered, the confession hanging heavy in the air between you. "Please... allow me to stay by your side. Forever."

The silence that followed was absolute.

You stood there, your hands trapped in his warm, desperate grip, and felt your heart sink like a stone. You saw the way he was looking at you—like you were the sun and he was a planet caught in your gravity. It was pure. It was beautiful.

And you didn't feel a single spark of it back.

You cared for him, deeply. He was your friend, your trainee, your 'partner' in the racing sense. But this? This romantic, all-consuming devotion he was offering? It wasn't there for you.

You gently tried to pull your hands back.

Meno’s smile faltered, just a fraction. He didn't let go immediately, his grip tightening reflexively before he realized what he was doing and loosened his fingers.

"Meno," you said, your voice gentle, the same tone you used when he was spiraling after scaring a civilian. "Meno, look at me."

He was looking. He was looking so hard it felt like it burned.

"I... I can't," you said. You didn't want to drag it out. Hope was cruel in

a situation like this. "I care about you a lot. You're an incredible trainee, and a good friend. But I don't feel that way about you. I'm sorry."

The effect was instantaneous. It was as if you had cut the strings holding him up. His posture collapsed, his shoulders hunching forward, shrinking his massive frame. The light in those violet eyes didn't just dim; it vanished, replaced by a hollow, confused shock.

"You..." He stammered, his hands hovering in the air where yours had been. "I... Is it... is it my conduct? Did I misread the... I can adjust. Boss, whatever the problem is I can!"

Panic seized him. He took a step toward you again, his face twisting into a desperate plea. "If I am too intense, I will work on it! If my performance is lacking in any way, I will triple the training regimen! I can change, Boss, just tell me what the required parameters are and I will—"

"Meno, stop," you said, firmer this time, raising a hand to halt him.

The command hit him like a physical blow. His mouth, which had been open to launch another desperate defense of his utility, snapped shut with an audible click of teeth. His jaw muscles worked furiously, bunching and releasing under the skin as he fought the urge to speak, to beg, to file a grievance against your decision. But the discipline that was hardwired into his very DNA won out. He froze, his boots planted in the dirt, vibrating with the effort of holding still.

You took a breath, trying to steady your own voice. You had to make this logical. You had to speak his language—rules, regulations, boundaries.

"You know the Academy guidelines as well as I do," you said, your voice calm, professional, and utterly devoid of the warmth he was craving. "Article Four, Section Two regarding Trainer and Umamusume conduct. Relationships beyond the professional scope are strictly prohibited while under contract. It compromises the training. It compromises my job."

It was a shield, a flimsy paper wall of bureaucracy, but you held it up between you and him.

"We have a contract, Fenomeno," you continued, avoiding his nickname to create distance. "I am your Trainer. That is the beginning and the end of it. We can't cross that line. It wouldn't be right. It

wouldn't be... just."

You used the word justice deliberately, knowing how important it was to him. But instead of straightening his spine, the word seemed to sap the last of his strength.

Meno didn't salute. He didn't nod. He just... shrank.

It was a bizarre optical illusion. One moment, he was a towering pillar of law and order, eight feet of intimidating muscle and authority. The next, he seemed to fold in on himself. His broad shoulders rolled forward, collapsing his chest. His head lowered, the visor of his officer's cap dipping down to cast a heavy shadow over his face, hiding those fierce violet eyes.

"I… right," he whispered. His voice was brittle, cracking on the edges.

He looked down at his own hands, the gloves still creaking slightly as he flexed them, then let them fall uselessly to his sides. His tail, usually a proud banner behind him, lost all its tension. It drooped heavily, the tip practically dragging in the dirt, curling slightly inward toward his legs in a subconscious display of misery.

"Is that..." He swallowed hard, the sound loud in the quiet evening. He didn't look up, his gaze fixed on your shoes. "Is that the only obstacle? The regulations? If… if I were to wait until graduation?"

He looked up then, and the sight was enough to make your chest ache. His eyes, usually so sharp they could cut glass, were swimming. Thick, unbidden tears were welling up in the corners, blurring the violet irises. He looked terrified, not of a crime or a villain, but of the empty reality you were presenting him.

"Boss," he said, his voice trembling, stripping away all the officer bravado to reveal just a young, heartbroken yearning. "I can wait. Four years isn't an issue. If... if you felt the same... surely we could—"

"Meno." You cut him off again. You couldn't let him bargain. It was cruel to let him think there was a loophole.

You looked him dead in the eye, keeping your expression neutral, effectively closing the door he was trying to pry open.

"It's not just the rules," you said softly. "I don't see you that way. I never have."

The silence that stretched between you was suffocating. Meno's lips parted, a small, pained sound escaping his throat—half gasp, half whimper. He looked as if you had just stripped him of his badge and uniform in the middle of a crowded street. His face crumpled, the redness of exertion giving way to a pale, sickly shock. He looked for a moment like he might actually fall over, his equilibrium shattered.

He opened his mouth to apologize—it was his reflex, after all—but no words came out. He just stood there, towering over you yet looking smaller than he ever had in his life.

"We had a good practice today," you said, stepping back, putting physical space between you and his heartbreak. You checked your clipboard, feigning a finality you didn't quite feel. "You hit your targets. That's what matters. Go hit the showers, cool down, and get some food."

He didn't move. He was staring at you, a single tear finally breaching the dam and tracking a shiny path down his cheek, getting lost in the raven strands of hair framing his jaw.

"I'll see you tomorrow at 0600 hours," you said, turning your back on him. "Goodnight, Fenomeno."

You walked away, the sound of your own footsteps crunching on the track the only noise in the world. You didn't look back, but you could feel him standing there—a silent, frozen statue in the fading light, watching his entire world walk away from him.

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